



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

NATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Shall we ever have a department of agriculture among the other departments of our government at Washington? Yes. When? When the farmers of the Union become wise enough to unite in their strength and demand it to be done.

Demand, is the word; not beg it, but demand it, as a right belonging to them in justice and equity. When that time will come we do not know. It is probably some distance in the future, but those who have watched the movement of these things can report progress. Not that they can see any movement any more than you can the movement of the shadow on the dial, and yet by taking a land mark and looking back occasionally, you can see as you do on the dial that there is a veritable movement.

For instance, Dr. Lee states that six years ago, when he took charge of the agricultural department of the United States Patent Office, Congress appropriated only \$3,500 a year, to meet all the ordinary and extraordinary expenses of said department, now, he says, it is constrained by public opinion to give some \$10,000 a year for the same purpose, and to print 250,000 copies of its annual reports.

Now, we would appeal to the good sense of the farmers, and ask them if their business is not of as much importance to the nation as the commercial interest? But government is continually expending millions and millions of dollars to encourage and protect that. The navy, and our light-houses, and our naval school, and our coast survey, are all for the direct benefit of commerce. We are willing it should be so, but we are also willing and anxious, that agriculture should receive like governmental care and attention. When our aspirants for a seat in Congress find that they cannot get there unless they will use their endeavors to have an agricultural department in our government, we shall have one. The ballot box is an excellent speaking trumpet to make office holders hear what the people want.

#### PHOSPHATE OF LIME IN THE FALL.

The grass crop looks well now, and if properly taken care of, in all probability, give us a bountiful harvest another year. How shall it be taken care of? First, it ought not to be fed to the cattle in the fall. It is bad policy to turn in cattle upon moving lands, in such numbers as to gnaw the grass down into the very crown of the roots, "as the manner of some is." Second, put on fertilizers, now, or any time that you can fall. Those of a mineral kind will operate well now, such as the superphosphate of lime for instance. The roots of the grass in most of our moving fields have been thinned out very much by the combined effects of these excessively dry seasons, and a very severe winter. They need to be protected from cattle, and they need to be supplied with fertilizing material. So that they have it.

An application of three or four hundred pounds to the acre of genuine super phosphate of lime, will give it good food from which to manufacture a bountiful crop of hay next July and August.

Put it on and let it be feeding the grass so as to give a good supply of roots, to draw moisture and nutriment from the soil, and blades to protect these roots from the frosts of the coming winter.

Farmers in this vicinity will find it in this city at Coburn & Faght's, a few doors above the Railroad bridge. We believe those who have had the article of them during the past summer and spring, are satisfied with its effects. Use each other fertilizers as you can obtain, and you will be abundantly repaid before the year comes round.

#### RANCID BUTTER.

At a time when butter commands a high price, it is a pity that any should become rancid, and therefore unsaleable, or if sold command a comparatively low price. A friend informs us that if rancid or "strong butter" is called it, it is churned in new sweet milk, it will be restored to its original sweetness. We have never tried the experiment nor seen it tried. A paragraph, however, which we copy from the Petersburg Express, who obtained the facts from the "Crescent," would seem to confirm the statement of our friend. The neighbors of a certain lady in the fourth District of New Orleans, says the Express, have recently discovered something that has seemed a miracle for months past. They knew the lady had but one cow, and they knew also that the lady's two little negroes peddled as much creole butter, daily, as could be produced by a half dozen cows. Inquiry has got so high at last, that the lady has let out the secret, and in its travels it has reached us. She told a friend that her cow was only a common cow and did not produce any butter, but yielded milk enough in which to redden any quantity of strong Goshen butter which she buys by wholesale at the groceries, and converts by the said redden in new milk, to that pale sweet delicacy known as creole butter, which always commands the highest price. She added also, that by this process she in a few months had made a clear profit of over twelve hundred dollars. One cow is not much, but one cow and Yankee ingenuity together are considerable.

Good BUTTER. Butter produced from feeding on corn-fodder, cut when green, is harder, yellower, and worth more by the pound, than when the cows are fed on hay. Corn-fodder, if cut when green, and well cured, is the best food for milk cows except carrots.

#### For the Maine Farmer.

##### CLOVER SEED-QUERY.

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to make inquiry about clover seed. When we farmers buy clover seed we generally purchase the kind warranted to be northern seed; that being the kind which according to the common notion comes to maturity about the same time as the herdsgrass with which it is sowed. But in nine cases out of ten, the seed we get for northern seed comes to maturity and ripens two or three weeks before the herdsgrass is in bloom and fits out for hay. We then are wont to say we have been cheated, by having southern seed palmed off on us instead of northern.

For one, I cannot believe that all dealers in grass seed are as lacking in principle as the above fact would seem to indicate. I cannot well understand why southern clover should ripen so much earlier than northern, when every other kind of southern seed with us comes to maturity much later than ours, or does not come to maturity at all. Corn, for instance, planted here farther south than New Jersey, when raised here does not ripen, while "Canada corn" ripens two or three weeks earlier than our own.

Now, I believe the seed we buy for northern seed, which produces the short variety of clover, is northern seed.

Can you give us any light on this subject? Any information which would enable us to obtain the right kind of seed, would be gratefully received.

Windsor, August, 1855.

NOTE. Our correspondent is not the only one who has been cheated in the purchase of clover seed. We have known southern clover seed brought into Maine by the roundabout way of Canada, and then sold for northern seed, or at any rate, as coming from Canada.

The fact is, there are several species of the clover genus, and also varieties of the same species. This short lived or a variety of Canada, and then sold for northern seed, or at any rate, as coming from Canada.

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#### For the Maine Farmer.

##### SUCKERS FROM CORN.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you, or some of your subscribers, give me what information you can conveniently, in regard to cutting suckers from corn? I have three or four acres that are highly manured, one third of the stalks will not bear corn, and I am at a loss to know whether it will be profitable to cut the suckers or not?

Hallowell, Aug. 16, 1855. S. M. H.

NOTE. Farmers are divided in opinion with regard to the profit or loss in pulling off suckers from corn. This uncertainty arises from their never having been any well directed and definite experiments made to settle the facts. The present opinions are founded upon sight and casual observations.

We have noticed one advantage in letting the suckers remain, and that is, the flower dust or pollen upon the spindles of the suckers, is formed after that from the main crop is exhausted. This falls upon the late straggling ears, and impregnates them, and causes them to fill out, and thus you get more "bushy" than you otherwise would. Some think that the pollen from the suckers continues to supply the long ears, and thus fill them out over the tip. We are inclined to think that when an ear falls out, as we say, the fibres from the whole ear come out, and the whole ear is impregnated. Is it so? or do the fine fibres come out from the lower part and receive impregnation for the kernels in that part of the cob, and these others higher up come out in succession and are successively impregnated, and so on to the last kernel on the top of the ear. If this be the way of it the pollen from the suckers is of much more service. This can be ascertained by careful observation. Allowing this to be the true and only use for suckers, the question will then resolve itself into this,—will the value of them cut green for fodder, overbalance the increase of corn if suffered to remain? [Ed.]

#### For the Maine Farmer.

##### SORREL-BONE SPAIN-QUERIES.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in one of the June numbers of the Farmer that lime was a preventive of sorrel. I wish to know how much lime should be sown to the acre, and at what season of the year.

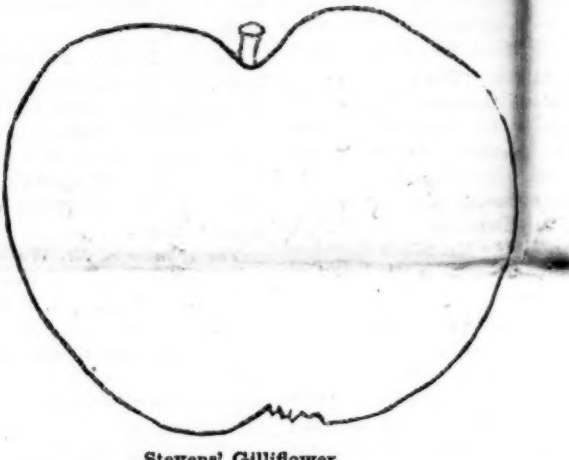
I also wish to know if there is anything that will destroy a bone spavin on a horse, after it makes its appearance. A. B. B. Hallowell, Aug. 27, 1855.

NOTE. The idea that lime applied to soil in which sorrel abounds, on the supposition that its growth was prevented by acid in the soil, and that lime would neutralize it, was advanced and defended by Mr. Ruffin, of Petersburg, Va., in his essay on calcareous manures. The theory has been disputed by some, and we do not know of any experiments that settle the question either way. Of course, we cannot tell what amount of lime would be necessary, allowing it to be valuable for that purpose. In many States, where lime is plenty, we have known of their spreading on 40, 50, and even 100 bushels to the acre. If our friend can procure Ruffin's essay on calcareous manures, he would learn what his views were better than from any other source.

We do not believe that a bone spavin, when completely formed, can be cured. On the first appearance, before any bony deposit has been made, stimulating liniments and rest from labor may prevent further formation of the spavin. [Ed.]

#### PASTE THAT WILL KEEP FOR A YEAR.

Dissolve in water two square inches of glue and an equal quantity of alum. Mix and boil with flour, as usual, and when nearly cold stir in two teaspoonfuls of cloves or lavender, the whole to make a pint of paste. Keep in a well covered vessel. To prevent paste from getting mouldy boil with it a piece of sugar of lead of the size of a filbert to a pint of paste.



Stevens' Gilliflower.

#### STEVENS' GILLIFLOVER.

This is an outline of an apple which originated in the town of Sweden, in this State, but as yet not much propagated, and not much known, and is, in fact, yet "on probation," as one that "promises well" but may not fulfil that promise.

It was sent to the Maine Pomological Society some years ago, by Mr. Powers. It is a pretty good grower and bearer, and is a fair, handsome apple. The M. P. Society in their transactions describe it thus:—

STEVENS' GILLIFLOVER. Stem and blossom pit, shallow; while on the tree it is covered with a fine bloom; color, striped with red, on a dull whitish ground, the stripes radiating regularly from the stem as a centre; flesh, white, fine grained, juicy, pleasant subacid. This fruit originated in Sweden, Oxford county, from seed planted by Mr. Stevens, one of the early settlers. Tree is a good grower and full bearer. It is a handsome apple and promises well.

#### For the Maine Farmer.

##### BLACK KNOT.

MR. EDITOR:—You enquire if the black knot shows itself before June? This I cannot answer now; you enquire also if it begins after July? I find them to commence at this time, and are very numerous, and I found on my quince bush, this morning, a knot one and a half inches in circumference, round a twig not longer than a pipe stem. I wish to know if they are found on the quince bush, if so please to inform us. August 24, 1855.

NOTE. The object of our enquiry is to induce a more strict observation in regard to this scourge to plum and cherry trees, and to elicit information thereby. The subject has not been sufficiently and properly investigated. We need long and careful observation, aided by powerful microscopes. Until this be done, and all the facts obtained, we can do nothing by way of preventive or remedy. We are some doubtful whether the knot discovered of friend W.'s quince bush is of the same character as that found on the plum tree. [Ed.]

#### CORN AND POTATOES.

The present extraordinary, and for many years unparalleled weather, with its rapid alternations of heat and rain, is said to be developing the corn and potatoes at an extraordinary rate. From the marvellous legends of the size of the former with which our country exchanges abound, we are beginning to entertain serious apprehension, that if the thing goes on much longer, we shall all be driven out of the country by the "whaling out" of the ears, or else be crushed to death between them. As for the height of the stalks—but no, we must really be excused for "holding up on that." Suffice it to say that rural farmers have succeeded in overtopping each other's cornstalks at such a rate, that the only wonder is, that we here in the city, do not behold them looming up, afar off, like distant cathedral spires. When Charles VI. had the "little bell" for building the fortress of the Moro at Havana handed to him, he is said to have briefly glanced at the amount—nine million dollars—and then to have gravely walked to a window of the Escorial and looked out. "What do you look for, Sir?" inquired those around. "For the summit of the Moro," he solemnly replied; "at such a price as this, it ought certainly to be high enough to be seen at this distance." In like manner, we may say, that if our rural legends of tall corn keep on as they have begun, we shall, ere long, confidently expect to see the maize peeping over the horizon, with its top gilded with very light, long after the rest of the world around us is slumbering in darkness. Seriously, the corn—as all the "beasts" must acknowledge—is turning out magnificently, and the potatoes not less so. [Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, Aug. 17.]

#### THE BLACK SWAMP OF OHIO.

A correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel gives the following description of the great Black Swamp of Ohio:—"Imagine all the swamps of Wisconsin conglomerated into one, with all the forests great and small, throughout the length and breadth of that State, mingled into one vast swamp, and I doubt whether it would compare for a moment with the Black Swamp. It reaches from Lake Erie to the head waters of the Wabash, the Maumee and the St. Mary, a distance of 150 miles, and its average width is over 30 miles, embracing over 1,000,000 acres of the richest land the sun ever shone upon. Portions of this vast swamp have been subdued by the hardy pioneer, who has ventured to penetrate its unbroken forests, and the land cultivated by the persevering husbandman, if health is spared, returns a rich reward for his toil in overflowing granaries and bountiful harvests. The soil is a deep, black loam, and is well adapted to corn, oats and grasses, and the timber is the finest I ever saw. Hickory, elm, white ash and black walnut, all seem to vie with each other in their vain efforts to reach the skies; still all of them exhibit a commendable enterprise in rearing their lofty trunks heavenward. Straight as an arrow, and standing impenetrably thick, covered with water to the depth of from two to eight inches, and whose innermost recesses have never been trod by the foot of man, this forest is a sublime spectacle to look upon."

APPLES, AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD. With us, the value of the apple, as an article of food, is far underrated. Besides containing a large amount of sugar, mullage, and other nutritive matter, apples contain vegetable acids, aromatic qualities, &c., which act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics; and when freely used at the season of mellow ripeness, they prevent debility, indigestion, and avert, without doubt, many of the "ills which flesh is heir to." The operators of Cornwall, England, consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and far more so than potatoes. In the year 1801—which was a year of much scarcity—apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor; and the laborers asserted apples, without meat or wheaten, a potato diet required either meat or some other substantial nutriment. The French and Germans use apples extensively, as do the inhabitants of all European nations. The laborers depend upon them as an article of food, and frequently make a dinner of sliced apples and bread. There is no fruit cooked in as many different ways in our country as apples; nor is there any fruit whose value, as an article of nutriment, is as great, and so little appreciated. [Albany Jour.]

#### For the Maine Farmer.

##### HARVEST TIME.

BY GEO. W. BLAKE.

From the teeming fruitful valley, from the hillside rich with grain,  
From the plain where flowers blossom, from the pleasant shady lane,  
From the village and the hamlet, from the city walls the chime,  
Borne above by prayerful voices thankful for the harvest time,  
Thankful that the Bounteous Giver thus hath blessed their earnest prayers,  
That stern frost, so cold and dreary, shall be kept from them and theirs.  
Now when more the hill-tops greeteth, with his beams of rosy light,  
Listen to the song of toilers as they shout forth their delight—  
Mark the glittering scythe and cradle, held by vigorous, sinewy hands,  
Lay the golden grain in furrows to be bound by shining bands.  
Soft kind rays grow daily fainter, now his ripening task is done,  
Southward in the zoning heavens slowly now he travels on.

Homeward the huge wain glides slowly, 'mong the trees whose boughs' leaves  
Strive to rival with their crimson the rich piles of golden sheaves,—  
And the woods by far out-splendor May when spring has o'er her reeled,  
With their leaves of yellow brightness tinged with purple, edged with gold!  
Orchards bending with their luscious, tempting fruits, delight the eye,  
Apples rosy-checked and laughing pendant hang from branches high—  
Glorious as the sun in morning when the woods his splendor tips,  
Pleasure o'er the wall hang ripening, tempting as a maiden's lips.

Purple grapes within the woodland gaze the ash and maple trees,  
And the merry laughing school-boys, busy as a hive of bees,  
Joyous shout among the branches of the overladen vines.  
Proud as any storied her breaking down the retreating lines.  
Hark! from out the crowded cities, from the busy marts of trade,  
Where the plotting speculators plan their schemes in ambush.

Comes the sound of dirgel carols, carols uttered low but deep,  
As when ocean 'gins to murmur, awakened from a tranquil sleep.  
And they needs must cease the fruitful harvest with its stores of grain,  
Not content with ill-got riches, not content with ill-got gain.

Now they lay their steers emburges on the railroad and canal,  
"None but our grain is transported," says this band of leagued cabal.  
How shall fare the honest-hearted, careworn, suffering, toiling poor,  
When e'en labor will not hear them—shall they beg from door to door?

List to the deafest answer, angry as when thunder bursts,  
Let them make their peace with Heaven, and prepare for 'em the worst.  
But they now have had their season,—now too long they've had their day,  
And these tyrant combinations to the million must give way.

It is said the world grows better as we approach the younger year,  
But alas! the heart grows weary waiting for the day to near.  
God! we thank Thee for this harvest, rich in stores of corn and oil,  
For the earnest, bounteous promise to the noble sons of toil.  
Franklin, Mass., Aug. 22, 1855.

#### PATENTS.

The list of patents granted at Washington up to the present year, forms a curious document. On Air Engines—not one of which is in use—less than twenty-one patents have been granted. On Baby Jumpers only one patent has been obtained, thus leaving some room for improvements in teaching the young ones how to dance. No less than 148 patents have been granted on Steam Boilers, and yet there are but few engineers who do not entertain the opinion that many improvements have yet to be made on them. The manufacture of India-rubber goods is of but recent date, yet no less than forty-two patents have been obtained on such machines. Sewing Machines are of still more recent date, the first patent having been obtained in 1846, only nine years; and yet no less than sixty patents have been granted on such machines. This affords evidence of their popularity and usefulness. The number of Water Wheel patents is somewhat high, being 224, but that of Washing Machines comes nearly up to it, being no less than 298. We have heard it asserted that agricultural inventions do not bear a large proportion with those relating to manufactures. This is a mistake: 111 patents have been granted for Grain and Grass Harvesters; 272 for Plows; 153 for Straw Cutters; 140 for Saut Machines; 163 for Winnowing Machines, and 270 on Threshing Machines. The highest number in classes belong to the agricultural department, with the exception of Stoves, on which the enormous number of 682 patents have been issued, and 478 for Designs, making a total of 1160 patents on Stoves, and yet who ever saw a stove that was just right in all respects? [Springfield Republican.]

THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD. A Parliamentary committee is sitting in England, to enquire into the adulterations of food, drink, drugs, &c. At its first session, Dr. Hassell, who was called as a witness, mentioned the various articles generally adulterated, with the substances employed for the purpose. Coffee, he stated, was adulterated by chicory, wheat, rye, roasted peas and beans, mangel wurzel, and aconites,—porter and stout by water, sugar, treacle, salt, cocculus indicus, tobacco, wormwood, ginger, liquorice, honey, alum, carbonate of soda, ground oyster shells, caraway seeds, and coriander; rum by water and Cayenne pepper; milk by water, annatto, sheep's brains, &c.; sugar (rarely adulterated) by sand and plaster of Paris; tea by exhausted tea leaves, sycamore, horse chestnuts, and plum tree leaves, starch and various coloring matters, such as plumage and Prussian blue; wine by sugar (burnt), and sulphuric acid. There was no such thing as a pure green tea to be had at present in the country.

#### DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

PREPARED CITRUS MELON. Cut off the hard rind of the melon (which should be preserving citron, not the green cantelope,) and cut it in pieces of any size and shape you choose; the slices should be from a quarter to half an inch thick. Weigh your fruit, and to every pound add one of sugar. Put the sugar in a preserving kettle with a gill of water to each pound of sugar, and some insilage dissolved in warm water; it will require a quarter of an ounce of insilage to every five pounds of fruit. When the sugar is dissolved, put it over the fire and boil and skim it. Then pour the syrup out of the kettle, wash it and return the syrup to it.—Now put it in the fruit, and set it over a brisk fire, where it will boil rapidly. When the fruit appears translucent when held up towards the light it is done. It will take from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half to cook it.—Then take it out a piece at a time, spread it on dishes, and strain the syrup in a pan. When the syrup is lukewarm, put your fruit in the jars and put it over. Let them stand till next day, put brandy paper over and paste them. This fruit may be flavored with lemons sliced and preserved with it. Do not peel the lemons, cut them in thin slices, and cook them with the fruit. To three pounds of fruit add one lemon. As the citron makes a beautiful but tasteless preserve, it is necessary to flavor it with lemon, orange, or some other fruit. If, when it is a little cool, it should not taste sufficiently of the lemon, a few drops of the essence of lemon may be added.

TO MAKE GOOD APPLE JELLY. Take apples of the best quality and good flavor, (not sweet,) cut them in quarters or slices, and stew them till soft; then strain out the juice, being very careful not to let any of the pulp go through the strainer. Boil it to the consistency of molasses, then weigh it and add as many pounds of crushed sugar, stirring it constantly till the sugar is dissolved. Add one ounce of extract of lemon to every twenty pounds of jelly, and when cold, set it away in close jars. It will keep good for years. Those who have not made jelly in this way will do well to try it; they will find it superior to currant jelly.

[Michigan Farmer.]

TO PRESERVE HAMS IN HOT WEATHER. The best way to preserve hams during hot weather, is to sew them up in stout cotton bags, covered with charcoal dust in barrels, and keep in a dry cool place. We rub our hams well with good wood ashes, pack them in barrels, sprinkle ashes over them, cover them up, and have never had a ham injured yet. [Ger. Telegraph.]

TO MAKE ICING FOR CAKES. Take of the best white sugar one pound, and pour over it just enough cold water to dissolve the lumps; then take the whites of three eggs, and beat them a little, but not to a stiff froth; add these to the sugar and water; put it in a deep bowl, beat the bowl in a vessel of boiling water, and beat the mixture. It will first become thin and clear, and afterwards begin to thicken. When it becomes quite thick, remove it from the fire, and continue the beating until it becomes cold and thick enough; then spread it on with a knife. It is perfectly white, glistens beautifully, and is so hard and smooth when dry, that you may write very well on it with a pencil.

TEMPERANCE VINEGAR. I took watermelons, scraped off the pulp, strained it through a thick cloth, and boiled it down one half, or as old cider boilers would say, two to one; put it in a cask, and in three weeks I had most improved vinegar; and it has continued to improve with age. Those who are accustomed to use all kinds of vinegar, and a great deal of it, say it is the best they ever saw; but if any of your readers know of any better, cheaper, or safer way to manufacture the article, I hope they will let us know it. [Mich. Farmer.]

HOW TO KEEP GATHERED FRUIT AND FLOWERS ALWAYS FRESH. A friend has just informed us that fruit and flowers may be preserved from decay and fading, by immersing them in a solution of gum arabic in water two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to allow the gum to dry. This process covers the surface of the fruit with a thin coating of the gum, which is entirely impervious to the air and thus prevents the decay of the fruit, or the withering of the flower. Our friend has roses thus preserved which have all the beauty of freshly-plucked ones, though they have been separated from the parent stem since June last. To insure success in experiments of this kind, it should be borne in mind that the whole surface must be completely covered; for if the air only gains entrance at a pin-hole, the labor will be lost. In preserving specimens of fruit, particular care should be taken to cover the stem, and all with the gum. A good way is to sink a thread of silk about the stem, and then sink it slowly in the solution, which should not be so strong as to leave a particle of the gum undissolved. The gum is so perfectly transparent, that you can with difficulty detect its presence, except by the touch. Here we have another simple method of fixing the fleeting beauty of nature, and surrounding ourselves ever with those objects which do most elevate the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart. [Country Gentleman.]

POTATOES. It would be an excellent plan for every farmer to occasionally plant the potato ball, and thus get new varieties, as well as healthy ones. Continued re-planting of potatoes, without resorting to the seed, is as absurd as to take roots from an old tree to produce an orchard. Plant small, but sound, and healthy potatoes—cutting impairs vitality of the sprout. For healthy potatoes, a light, dry, loose, and warm soil is preferable. A wet, heavy, compact soil, promotes decay.

The flavor of a potato is materially affected by the soil and manure. Lime, wood-ashes, charcoal, plaster, salt, and all other antiputrescent articles are good, as they add to the health of the potato, as well as to its richness and flavor. For manure, well rotted compost is preferable. Unrotted stable manure is too strong and heating, and gives them a disagreeable flavor. [Ohio Farmer.]

#### CONSUMPTION OF FUEL ON RAILROADS.

The Cincinnati Railroad Record has an interesting article on the consumption of fuel on railroads. We note a few of its facts. The following is the number of miles and the wood consumed on five railways:—

Miles.	Cords.
New York and Erie	400 65,000
Pennsylvania Central	253 27,000
Little Miami	84 16,000
Cincinnati and Dayton	60 10,000
Columbus and Xenia	54 7,000
	911 125,000

This is an average of about 140 cords per mile per annum. The increase of business will require an increase of fuel. The writer says this consumption, with the quantity necessarily used for private and household purposes, will use up all the fuel on the lines of the road in fifty years. The cost of wood on the Eastern roads averages \$6 per cord; on the Western roads the estimate is \$5 per cord. On all the roads of the Union the cost of fuel now consumed is estimated at eleven millions of dollars per annum.

The editor of the Record is of the opinion that coal will soon be substituted for wood on the roads. The cost will be low, even at present prices, and in a few years the difference will be still greater in favor of coal. The Little Miami, Columbus and Xenia, Cincinnati and Marietta, and Wilmington, Zanesville and Hillsborough lines make together 408 miles, and consume 80,000 cords, at a cost of \$240,000 per year.—These roads, by the use of coal, can save \$160,000 per year, which is the interest on two and a half millions of dollars. These are important items, and are worthy the consideration of railroad officers and directors.

#### WATER POWER ENGINE.

A hydraulic power engine, which works by the pressure of a column of water, and simplified and originated by Mr. James Sinclair, engineer, Stirling, appears to be making its way successfully in Scotland. It has for some time been applied in several large printing offices in Stirling, Dundee, and some other towns having the advantage of a high head of water from the hills. The proprietors of the Scotsman, published in Edinburgh, have recently adopted this mode of power, with (as stated by them) perfect success. The whole machine weighs no more than six hundred weight, occupies a space of thirty-one by twenty-five inches, and thirty-seven inches high. It consists of two oscillating cylinders, working similarly to a high pressure steam engine, the water being admitted through the axis on which they revolve. It works most smoothly, is perfectly safe, has very great power for its size, and is perfectly manageable; there is no shock or recoil, and no danger of the pipes bursting. The column of water which the company allow, is one hundred and fifty feet high, which gives sufficient power to work off two thousand impressions per hour. Wherever a supply of water of sufficient height can be obtained, these engines are well adapted to a great variety of purposes. [Exchange.]

TRAPPING THE TAPE WORM. It is no joke about trapping the tape worm. Dr. Alpheus Myer, of Indiana, invented a trap which was patented nearly a year ago, and with which he says he has operated successfully. It is thus described:—

"This trap is made of gold, and is shown set at figure 1, the length being less than an inch, and the diameter one fourth inch. The separate parts, figure 2, are united by inserting spring into cup a, and follow the former by cup d and by cup b, which is held upon cup a by a bayonet fastening. In setting the trap, stud f catches upon the top of cup d. Bait being placed in cup b, the trap is set and swallowed, after the patient has fasted several days, one end of cord h being returned from the mouth. The worm, in reaching the bait through opening c, pushes up cup d from stud f, when spring forces upward cup d, whose teeth seize the worm, when both trap and worm may be withdrawn together."

PEPPERMINT FIELDS. A correspondent of the Detroit Advertiser, writing from Three Rivers, in Canada, says that much attention is paid in that section of the country to the raising of peppermint. The crop is a sure and productive one, and its cultivation is not expensive, the most laborious and troublesome part of it being the original setting out of the plants. They are set out by hand, and are fit for the scythe in the succeeding year. After two years the land is back-furrowed and the plants are renewed by being pulled under. The peppermint is distilled into oil by means of a still, one of which every farmer has, the cost being about one hundred and fifty dollars. A fair yield is eighteen pounds to the acre, which is worth from four to four and a half dollars per pound.

TO SPORTSMEN. A correspondent of the Scientific American communicates the following, which may be valuable to sportsmen:—

"Wash your gun barrels in spirits of turpentine by dipping a rag or sponge fastened on your gun rod into the liquid, and swabbing them out three or four times, when they will be cleared from all impurities, and can be used almost instantly, as the turpentine will evaporate and leave the barrels dry; even if they are a little moist, it will not prevent their going off, like water. After being washed thus, there is no danger of rust as when water is used. I am an old experienced gunner, and have practiced this for years, and found it useful."

PECULIAR PROPERTY OF GLASS. A writer in the Scientific American says: "There is a peculiarity in common glass I am unable to explain as yet, and which, perhaps, if thoroughly understood, might be the means of making known a principle of inalienable worth to the world. It is well known to many that glass may be easily flaked, sawed, cut, drilled or turned by keeping the edge of the tool constantly wet with spirits of turpentine. Now what is the action of the spirits of turpentine? Is it electro-chemical, produced by friction, or is it merely chemical, only dissolving the carbon or other hard ingredients in its composition?"











## The Muse.

From "Aunt," Tenney's new poem.  
A SONG.

Come into the garden, maid,  
For the black bird, Night, has flown,  
Come into the garden, maid,  
I am here at the gate alone;  
And the woodbine spires are wafted abroad,  
And the music of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning winds,  
And the planet of love is on high,  
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves  
On a bed of daffodil sky,  
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,  
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard  
The flute, the violin, the bassoon;  
All night has the easement jessamine stirred  
To the dancers dancing in;  
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one  
With whom she has heart to be gay,  
When will the daisy leave her alone?  
She is weary of dance and play;  
Now half to the sitting moon she goes,  
And half to the rising day;  
Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
The last love echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes  
In lullaby and revel in wine,  
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
For one that will never be thine?  
But, but, but, but, but, but, but, but,  
"For ever and ever mine."

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,  
As the music of the daisy went,  
And long by the garden lake I stood,  
For I heard your rivulet fall  
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,  
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet  
That whenever a March wind sighs,  
He sets the jewel-point of your feet  
In violet blue as your eyes,  
To the woody hollows in your meadow,  
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender roses would not shake  
One long milk-blossom on the tree;  
The white lake-mosses fell into the lake,  
As the pimpernel do on the sea;  
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,  
Knowing your promise to me;

The lilies and roses were all awake,  
They sigh'd for the dawn and then,  
Queen rose of the roseland garden of girls,  
Come hither, the dancers are done,  
In gown of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
Gown of lily and rose in blue;

Shine out, little head, shining over with curls,  
To the flowers, and be their sun;  
There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the passion flower at the gate.  
She is coming, my dear, my dear;  
She is coming, my life, my life;

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;  
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;'  
The larkspur laments, 'I hear, I hear;  
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'  
She is coming, my own, my sweet;  
Were it ever so airy a tread,  
My heart would hear her and beat,  
Were it earth in an early bed;  
My dust would hear her and beat,  
Had I lain for a century dead;  
Would start and tremble under her feet,  
And blossom in purple and red.

## The Story-Teller.

From the True Flag.  
THE SAVINGS BANK  
OR, HOW TO BUY A HOUSE.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

"I tell you, my dear, it is utterly impossible  
to save three hundred dollars a year out of a  
salary. You don't understand it," said Charles  
Converse to his young wife.

"Perhaps I do not," replied Mrs. Converse.  
"But my opinion is very decided."  
"Women don't understand these things—  
You think my salary of eight hundred dollars  
a year, a fortune."

"No such thing, Charles,"  
"But eight hundred dollars, let me tell you,  
won't buy all the world."  
"I had no idea that it would; yet, if you  
only had the habit of saving what you spare  
for things that you can get along without, you  
would be able to build a house in a few years."

"Build a house!"  
"Yes, build a house, Charles."  
"Well, that's a good one!"  
The young man laughed heartily at the id-  
eal too chimerical, too absurd to be harbored in  
a moment.

"How much do you suppose it really cost  
to live last year?"  
"Why, eight hundred dollars, of course. I  
took all my salary—there is none of it left."  
The young wife smiled mischievously as she  
took from her work-table drawer a small ac-  
count book.

"You did not know that I kept account  
of all these things, did you?"  
"No; but how much was it?" and Charles  
was a little disturbed by the cool way in which  
his wife proceeded to argue the question.

"Four hundred and ninety-two dollars," an-  
swered Mrs. Converse.  
"Oh, but, my dear, you have not got half  
it down."

"Yes, I have—everything."  
"My tailor's bill was sixty-five dollars."  
"I have it here."  
"Hats, boots, and—"  
"I have them all."

"The deuce you have!"  
"When you have a new thing, you know I  
always asked what you gave for it."  
"I know you did, but I will bet five dollars  
I can name a dozen things that you have not  
got down."

"Dime!" said the lady, with a laugh, as she  
took from her drawer a five dollar bill, and  
placed it on the table.

Charles Converse "covered the money."  
"Capital idea for you to bet against me with  
my money!" said he, good humoredly.

"If I lose, I will do without that new harem  
I am to have."  
"Nay, my dear, I don't want you to do  
that."  
"Go on."

"Pew, pew, six dollars," said the husband,  
promptly.

"Here it is," answered she, pointing to the  
entry in the book. "Try again."  
"Season ticket on the railroad—twenty."  
"I have it."

"Sawing the wood."  
"Entered."  
Charles reflected a moment; the case began  
to look a little better.

"New lining for the cooking stove."  
"Here; two dollars."  
"One dollar—here it is."  
Mr. Converse began to look hopeless.

"My tapers."  
"Well, I have not got that."  
But that was the only thing he could men-  
tion of these necessary expenses, that was not

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Still Mrs. Converse was not satisfied.

"Your figures can't be correct, Mary," said  
he.  
"Why not?"  
"My salary is all used up, and you can ac-  
count for only four hundred and ninety-two  
dollars of it."

"You must explain the balance."  
"I! Why, Mary, I have not been extrava-  
gant. It is true I buy a great many little  
things in the course of the year, but they are  
hardly worth the mention."

"Ah! there's the mischief. That is where  
the money goes to, you may depend upon it."  
"Nonsense! You women don't understand  
these things."

"Of course we don't!"  
"Well, your figures show that you don't.  
Where has the three hundred dollars gone to,  
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"I don't know, Charles. I haven't the least  
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items that came within my knowledge. I am  
positive that you have brought home no article  
of any description that has not been entered on  
the book—I mean the articles of food and clothing,  
and things for the house."

"But just look at it a moment. You don't  
mean to say that I have spent three hundred  
dollars over and above our necessary expenses?"  
said Charles, a little warily.

"I don't mean to say anything about it, for  
I don't know anything about it."  
"Now, I think of it, there's my life insur-  
ance, have you got that down?"

"There is forty of the three hundred."  
"But it leaves two hundred and sixty-eight  
dollars unaccounted for."  
"It would take a great while to collect money  
enough to build a house, even if the whole of  
this sum were saved."

"Not a great while, Charles. You know my  
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Against the latter he resolutely set his face,  
though, in consideration of the fact that his  
salary would be a thousand dollars a year after  
the next pay day, he had a week before made  
up his mind to have them.

Among other things, his cigar case was empty,  
and he stepped into Savary's, in Congress Street,  
to have it replenished. Cigars were a great  
luxury—in fact a necessity to him in his opin-  
ion.

"I have it."  
"Sawing the wood."  
"Entered."  
Charles reflected a moment; the case began  
to look a little better.

"New lining for the cooking stove."  
"Here; two dollars."  
"One dollar—here it is."  
Mr. Converse began to look hopeless.

"My tapers."  
"Well, I have not got that."  
But that was the only thing he could men-  
tion of these necessary expenses, that was not

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## Sabbath Reading.

From the London "Quarterly Journal of Prophecy."  
DIVINE ORDER.

"To every purpose there is a time and judgment."  
Ecc. 8: 6.

"This first the true, and then the beautiful."  
Not first the beautiful, and then the true;  
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,  
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

"This first the good, and then the beautiful."  
Not first the beautiful, and then the good;  
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,  
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

"Not first the glad, and then the sorrowful."  
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad;  
Tears for a day—for earth of tears is full—  
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

"Not first the bright, and after that the dark."  
But first the dark, and after that the bright;  
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,  
First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

"This first the night, a night of storm and war."  
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;  
Then the fair sparkle of the Morning-star,  
That bids the saint awake and dawn arise.

From Dickens' Household Words.  
TIMES' CURE.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart!  
The times are flying—  
Each one our treasure takes;  
Each one some treasure breaks,  
And leaves it dying—  
The child, dark night draws near;  
Thy sun will soon depart,  
And then, my dear heart,  
The hours are flying—  
Rejoice, O grieving heart!  
Thy hours fly fast!

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.  
"Charity (or love) never faileth."—1 Cor. xiii, 8.

Beyond all question, it is the unalterable  
constitution of nature that there is efficacy, divine,  
unspokeable efficacy, in love. The exhibition of  
kindness has the power to bring even the irra-  
tional animal into subjection. Show kindness  
to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be  
grateful; he will intelligently return love for love.

Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him  
by the mane; you can thrust your head into his  
mouth; you can melt the untamed ferocity of  
his heart into an affection stronger than death.  
In all of God's vast, unbounded creation, there  
is not a living and sentient being, from the least  
to the largest, not one, not even the outcast  
and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of  
kindness. If love, such as our blessed Savior  
manifested, could be introduced into the world,  
and exert its appropriate dominion, it would  
restore a state of things far more cheering, far  
brighter than the fabulous age of gold; it would  
annihilate every sting; it would pluck every  
poisonous tooth; it would hush every discordant  
voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insen-  
sible to this divine influence. The bud and  
flower and fruit put forth most abundantly and  
beautifully where the hand of kindness is ex-  
tended for their culture. And if this blessed  
influence should extend itself over the earth, a  
moral Garden of Eden would exist in every land;  
instead of the thorn and briar would spring up  
the fir tree and the myrtle; the desert would  
blossom